

VOLUME 1

GIN CINNA

## OF THE

TEMPERANCE REFORM, PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. BY CALEBCLARK, Ben Franklin Printing House.

TERMS: All subscriptions must be accompanied with the ash, and addressed, postage paid, to CALEB CLARK. BEN PRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE, Cincinnati, O.

## POETRY

A PRISON LAY.

I love, I love these grey old walls! Although a chilling shadow falls Along the iron-gated halls, And in the silent narrow cells, Bropding darkly, ever dwells.

Ohl still I love them—for the hours, Within them spent, are set with flowers That blossom, spite of wind and showers, And through that shadow, dull and Emit their sparks of blue and gold.

Bright flower of mirth!—that wildly spring From fresh, young hearts, and o'er them file Like Indian birds with sparkling wing. Seeds of sweetness, grains all glowing. Sun-gill leaves, with dew-drops flowing

And hopes as bright, that softly gleam, Like stars which o'er the church-yard strea A beauty on such faded dream— Mingling the light they purely shed With other hopes, whose light has fied.

Pond Mom'ries, too, undimmed with sighs, Whose fragmitt smishine never dies, Whose sammer song-bird never files— These, too, are chasing hour by hour, The clouds which round his prison lower.

And thus from hour to hour, 4've grown To love these walls, though dark and lone, And fondly prize each groy old stone. Which flug the shadow deep and chill, Across my futlerd footsteps still.

Yet, let these mem'ries fall and flow Within my heart, like waves that glow Unseen in spangied caves below The foam which frets, the mists which swee The changeful surface of the deep.

Not so the many hopes that bloom Amid this volceless waste and gloom. Strewing my pathway to the tomb, As though it were a bridal bed,

I would these hopes were traced in fre, Beyond these walls—above that spire— Amid you bise and starry choir, Whose sounds play round us in the streams Which glitter in the white moon's beams.

I'd twine these hopes above our isle,
Above the rath and ruined pile,
Above each glen and rough defile—
The holy well—the Druid's shrine—
Above them all these hopes I'd twine!

So should I triumph o'er my fate, And teach this poor, desponding State, In signs of undernose, not late, Still to think of our old story, Still to hope for future glory.

Within these walls, those hopes have been The music sweet, the light screne,
Which softly o'er this silent scene,
Have like the autumn's streamlet flowed,
And like autumn sunshine glowed.

thin one—est down very quiet and dentire, and ale for breakfast in silent respect.

I was a shy girl, a very shy girl; but I believe my good feelings so far conquered my timidity as to make me inquire if Miss Hilton would not take off her wet shoes, and have a pair of slippers, and then meeting my auut's eye, I subsided in fearful blushes, lest I had taken too much motice of "the dressmaker."

We got on very well together. Miss Hilton and I, when the work began. She took the patterns skillfully, and yielded to all my peculiarties about grace and beauty in costume.

patterns skillfully, and yielded to all my peculiarties about grace and beauty in costume. Moreover, she did not treat me as a child but as a "young lady;" and when, with great dignity, I sat down to assist her in making the skirt of my aunt's new dress, Miss Hilton still kept a respectable silence, which soothed my pride, and won my favor amazingly.

Now I was a most romantic young damsel, and knew nothing of the world except from books, of which I had read an infinity, good, bad, and indifferent. So, regarding the companion—with her small, neat finger, her face of that sort not properly termed good-looking, but yet decidedly looking good—I began to take a liking for her very soon, and ventured a few questions. questions.

Had she come far that wet morning?"

Only about two miles."
She must have risen early then?"
Yes, about five; she had to finish a dress

"Yes, about five, she had to finish a dress before she came."

What life! To rise at five, work till eight, walk two miles through those muddy lanes (we live a short distance out of London,) and then begin and work again! I said nothing, but I thought much; and I remember the next time Mis Hilton stood cutting out. I had the sense to place a chair for her. This she acknowledged with a faint blush, which made me think of the sweetest ideal of all young dressmakers—Miss Mitford's "Olive Hathway."

My dressmaker was no ideal—I do not mean to set her up as one. She was merely a gentle, modest, quiet young woman, who worked slowly, though carefully, and who for the first day did not seem to have an idea beyond her needle and thread. The next, I found she had.

had.

I. always an odd sort of a girl, happened just then to be wild about a new hobby—phrenology. Now Miss Hilton had a remarkably shaped forchesd, and I never rested until 1 brought the plaster mapped out head, and compared her bumps therewith; upon which she smiled, and becoming conversational, seemed to wish to learn something about the new science. So I. forcetting my always and my

to wish to learn something about the new science. So I, forgetting my shyness, and my pride of caste, began seriously to inform the mind of our new dressmaker.

I found she had a mind, and some graceful taste withal, whereupon I valorously undertook my "mission." I indulged her with my juvenile notions on art and literature, and while she developed the skill of my fingers, I tried to expand her dormant intellect. Poor, simple soul, I do believe she enjoyed it all, sitting working at my open window, with the vine leaves peeping in, dilating the while upon innumerable subjects, which, doubtless, before had never entered her mind. Among these, had never entered her mind. Among these, were the country and its beauties. One day some fortunate chance brought me a nosegay of fox-gloves, and showing them to her, I found, to my intense pity, that my young Londouer did not even know their name!

"What! Had she never seem whild flowers?
Had she never been in the country?"
"O yes, she had once lived for six months in a guard-ship, off Woolwich, where she had seen the country on the river banks, and her little sistem had sometimes brought home haudfuls of daisses from the parks! But for herself, she had worked ever since she could remember; and except the six months in the ship, had never lived anywhere but in Chal-

The missic sevent, the light screene, Which solity o'er this sillust scenar. Have like the automate's streamble stowed. And thus, from hour to hour I've grown. To love here with though older same, and the streamble streamble grown. The fillings the shadow deep and chill, Across my futtered footsteps still.

To me, how drary scemed such cristence To time. Across my futtered footsteps still.

To me, how drary scemed such cristence To time. Little stille hour fee days away, and never read a book, or walk in a country field, or even to know the name of a wild flower! Perhaps, in my step pity. I overtooked the fact, that or the still have been considered the same than a still the same that the same the works was done, and I began to wear the med treases we had together fabricated, I often the works as done and I began to wear the med treases we had together fabricated, I often the manner of the same expending and the work was done, and I began to wear the med treases we had together fabricated, I often the works as done of the same expending and the works as done of the same the works as done of the same the works as the same the works as the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the fact, and the works and the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the fact, and the works and the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the fact, and the works and the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the fact, and the works and the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the fact, and the works and the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the same of a wild flower! Ferhaps, in my step pity, I overlooked the same of a wild flowe

dentally, that her hand occupation. Among her new "ladies." I remember, where the juvenile scions of a dues household, wherein she used to be employed for weeks together. Now, I was a simpleton in those days: I had a remantic reversee for the part values envisative, but an ideal house runk—not vulgar curiosity, but au ideal hom-age—and greatly did I delight in hearing about the little noblewoman; and Mary Hilbs-werned to like telling, not pompously, but simply, how lady Alice was a beautiful child and Lady Mary was rather cross, and Baby Lady Blanche was the sweetest little fairy in the world, and would come and talk with "the the world, and would come and talk with "the dressmaker" as much as she was allowed. Many visions I meetally had of the lordly household, where the chief filial duty was the chief privilege of entering carefully dressed with the desert, and where mamma was not mamma at all, but "the duchess."

How time passes! The other day I saw in the paper, the marriage of the "beautiful and accomplished Lady Blanche." and then of was a greater air of content about her, which spoke of improved fortunes. And, in making poor Mary Hittou, and sighted.

Our dressmater worked blithely through the short winter day, and even when night closed.

the paper, the marriage of the "beautiful and accomplished Lady Blanche H——." I thought of "Baby Lady Blanche." and there is was a greater air of content about her, which spoke of improved fortunes. And, in making poor Mary Hilton, and sighed.

Our dressmaker worked blithely through the short winter day, and even when night closed, she seemed in no hurry to go heme. About nine o'clock, there came up to our work-room a message that some one had called to felch Miss Hilton. "A young man," exclaimed the domestic, heaitning, I suppose, whether he should, or should not say "gentleman,"

"I am really quite glad. I did not like your walking through those dark lanes alone," said I, with infinite relief, and then added in extreme simplicity, "I thought you had no brother now?"

"It is—not my brother." marrowed.

"As well as he cau ma'am. It was a feel."

"As well as he cau ma'am. It was a feel."

"As well as he cau ma'am. It was a feel."

brother now?'
"It is—not my brother," murmured our
dressmaker, blushing, but faintly, for even the dressmaker, blushing, but faintly, for even the thick blood of youth seemed to creep languidly beneath her constant pallor. I was a child—a very child then. I don't believe, I had ever thought of love, or lovers—that is, in real life; but some instinct made me cease to question the young woman. Likewise instead of descending with her, I staid up stairs, so that she met her friend alone. But I remember opening the blind a little way, and watching two dark figures passing slowly down the lane—watching them and thinking strange thoughts. It seemed as if a new page were half opening in life s book.

It had opened, and with eyes light aliance. I had begun to real—for myself, and not for another—before I again saw my little dressmaker.

My appress and I had changed our shode to

just as well, and just as patiently, and when nine o'clock came the knock at the door, her smile, though half concealed, was quite pleas. My aunt coming forward, after a

I am getting to be an old woman now, but to this day I incline to love two people who love one another. I do not mind what are their ranks, and I honestly believe there was a true love between my little dressmaker and her Dauiel Ray.

A respectable, worthy young man was Daniel, as my good and prudent aunt took care to discover. I, in my simple, girlish way, discovered much more. Little did Mary Hilton died last week!"

It came upon me like a shock—a pang—a sense of the and that must come to life, and all life s dreams. I—walking in the dazzling light of mine—felt a coldaess creep over me; that they were waiting, perhaps might have seemed a reverie of girlish vanity; and was—no matter what it was.

Mary Hilton!—

Mary Hilton!—

Yeor Mary Hilton died last week!"

It came upon me like a shock—a pang—a sense of the end that must come to life, and all life s dreams. I—walking in the dazzling light of mine—felt a coldaess creep over me; that they were waiting, perhaps might have seemed a reverie of girlish vanity; and was—no matter what it was.

Areauwhite she at least was quite-content, for he came to tea to her lather every Sunday, and in the week day, wherever she worked, he always fetched her—saw her safe home to Chelsea, and walked back to the city again. Honest, unselfish, faithful lover! Peor Mary Hilton! She, in her humble way, had great happiness—the only happiness which fills a woman's heart.

happiness—the only happiness which fills a woman's heart.
But one night she had to go home without Daniel Ray. He was in the potteries, she said, on business, and the poor little thing seemed grieved and trembling when she started to walk home alone, and at night. She scarce minded the bright, cheerful streets she said; But one night she had to go home without Daniel Ray. He was in the potteries, and said, on business, and the poor little thing seamed grieved and trembling when she started to walk home alone, and at night. She scarce minded the bright, cheerful streets she said but she did not like to pass through the londy squares. The next evaning she begged hermission to leave by davlight, and at last, with much hesitation, confessed that she had begind on past her strength, until, reaching home, ash fainted. And then, in my immost heart, I drew a paralled between myself—a young lady, tenderly guarded, never suffered to cross the threshold alone—and this young person, asposed, without consideration, to say annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon methods alone—and this young person, asposed, without consideration, to say annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon methods alone—and this young person, asposed, without consideration, to say annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon methods alone—and this young person, asposed, without consideration, to say annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon methods alone—and this young person, asposed, without consideration, to say annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon methods alone—and this young person, asposed, without consideration, to say annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon methods alone—and this young person, asposed, without consideration, to say annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon methods alone—and this young person, asposed, without consideration, to say annoyance or danger. The lesson was not lost upon methods as a woman.

For a week Masy Hilton worked for us, coming and returning each night, walking the whole way. I believe—though I never thought about it then the deal the submediate of the poor fingers now only dust. And a great sense came over me of the nothing made to the proposal propos

mission to leave by davlight, and at last, with much hesitation, confessed that she had been spoken to by some rade man, and had hearison past her strength, until, reaching home, the fainted. And then, in my imnort heard, drew a paralled between myself—a young lety, tenderly guarded, never suffered to cross the threshold alone—and this young person, exposed, without consideration, to any annoyange or dangee. The lesson was not low upon mealing and returning each night, walking the wholes way. I believe—though I never thought about it shen, I have since, and the heediessness of girlhood has rison up before mean the veriest hard heartedness. My and, too but she had many thing to occupy her mind, and to her, Mary Hilton was only 'the dress maker.' Doubless we did but as others did and the young wuman expected no more.—For I remember, the last night she looked so pale and wearied, that my must gave her at supper a glass of wine, and putting into he hand two shillings, messal of the danning right "wherean no man can work." My lady readers—'my lillies that neither a look of such thankfulness! Poor thing!

The next time we wroke for our dressmaker, there came, not gantle little Mary Hilton, hin the obnuctions Caroline. Her sister was in ill health, she said, and had been chigged in give up working out. but would make the dress at home, if we would. It was sottied, so way promised that Mary must come to us to try it out. She, came our evening, accompanied by Daniel Ray. For this she faintly appologized saying, "he never would let hey go out alonn more. Whereast my anut looked pleased and when she quitted the room, I heard her go int. In the hall and speak in her own kindly tones in honest Daniel.

My lady readers—'my lillies that neither of the danning of my pretty dress, and whesher I would make the dress at home, if we would. It was sottles, so way promised that Mary must come to try it out. She, came our evening, accompanied by Daniel Ray. For this she haired her go int the hall and speak in her own kindly tones in

, JULY 30, 1852.

THE BOBBER OF HALSTEAD WOOD.

Our scene opens upon a highway, nearly those to put my usual question to Mary—how she was prospering in the world, and whether there was my near chance of the little chinashop with "Mrs. Ray, dress maker," on the first floor? She smiled hopefully, and said something about "the spring," and "when her shalth was better," and in a very sky and timid way she hinted that if we wanted bounds or millinery, there was a sister of Daniel's intelly established in the next street—a sister always dependent on him till now. Faithfully! I promised to give our small custom to Miss Bay; and so, looking quite happy, our little dressmaker descended. I am glad I saw that happy look—I am glad I noticed the perfect content with which the little delicate thing walked away slowly, leaning on her faitbful Daniel. Otherwise, in my after pity, I might have thought life a burden heavy, and its fates unequal. But it is not so.

Soon after, my sunt wanted a winter bonnet, and I proposed to visit Miss Ray. "Certain—and from his concealment, and ere the trayeler from London. The shades of evening were fast setting, when a horseman bestriding a noble steed, who seemed quite exhausted by his day's journey, entered the avenue leading through Haistead Wood; and the young man—for he seemed when a horseman bestriding a noble steed, who seemed quite exhausted by his day's journey, entered the avenue leading through Haistead Wood; and the young man—for he seemed when a horseman bestriding a noble steed, who seemed quite exhausted by his day's journey, entered the avenue leading through Haistead Wood; and the young man—for he seemed quite exhausted by his day's journey, entered the avenue leading through Haistead Wood; and the young man—for he seemed quite exhausted by his day's journey, entered the avenue leading through Haistead Wood; and the young man—for he seemed quite exhausted by his day's journey

"As well as he can ma'am. It was a foolish thing from the beginnig." added the milliner sharply, her natural manner getting the better of her politeness. "The Hiltons are all consumptive; and Daniel kuew it. But I beg your jaivion, ma'am; perhaps you will try on this shade?"

but some instinct made me cease to question the young woman. Likewise instead of descending with her, I staid up stairs, so that she met her friend alone. But I remember opearing the blind a little way, and watching two dark figures passing slowly down the lane—watching them and thinking strange thoughts. It seemed as if a new page were half opening in life a book.

It had opened; and with crest light aline. I had begun to read—for myself, and not for another—before I again saw my little dressmaker.

My aunt and I had changed our abode to the very heart of London, and Mary Hilton had come to us through four miles of weary streets. I think she would scarcely have done it for gain; it must have been from positive repard for her old customers. She looked much as usual—a little paler, perhaps; and she had a slight cough, which I was sorry to hear had lasted some ti.ne. But she worked just as well, and just as patiently; and when my now a close, squest the knowly at the door, her little paler, perhaps; and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton, but when one is young, one sometimes to sik my aunt to let me go and see poor Mary Hilton furthed

nile, though half concealed, was quite pleas-to sec. My aunt coming forward, after a confabula-tion with Miss Ray, roused me from what might have seemed a reverse of girlish vanity;

that Daniel was an assistant in a china shop; that they were waiting, perhaps might have to wait for years until he could afford to rent a little shop of his own, whereshe would carry on the dressmaking on the floor above.

Meanwhite she at least was quite content; the short they were to the china shop of his own, whereshe would carry on the dressmaking on the floor above.

Meanwhite she at least was quite content; the short they was quite content; the short they was a little shop of his own the pretty bonnet, and thought, almost with tears, of the poor little dressmaking on the floor above.

Meanwhite she at least was quite content; the short the she was quite content. love-dream closed, her life's story told, and all passed into silence!

Then I thought of the poor faithful lover, I ould not sek after him—but my aunt did. Daniel bears it pretty well. answered the minter, looking grave, and shedding one little tear. "It must be a hard woman indeed who does not show some feeling when brought into immediate contact with death. He was with her till the last; she died holding his hand." "Poor thing-poor thing!" murmured my tender-hearted aunt.

it At that time how I longed to | THE ROBBER OF HALSTEAD WOOD.

when, from the thicket on the right, a man, whose face was covered with a mask, rushed from his concealment, and ere the traveler was aware of his presence, siezed the horse by his bridle, and with a powerful jerk, nearly threw him upon his hannehes; then leveling directly at the stranger's breast a heavy pistol, he exclaimed:

"Instantly deliver up the money in your possession, or your life will pay the forfeit?"

The young man's eyes flashed with passion for a moment, then spurring his horse, which gave a spring forward, he leaped with a bound from his saddle; and ere the robber, whose attention had been for an instant directed to the horse, could prevent it, or before his arm, could be raised, one hand of the traveller was fairly gripped upon his throat, and the other fairly gripped upon his throat, and the other pinioning the arm which held the pistol.

pinioning the arm which held the pistol.

Fiercely did the robber struggle in his endeavors to free himself from the young man's hold, but 'twas all in vain; he might as well have attempted to move a rock. Soon his face turned to a purple hue, and as he vainly endeavored to utter a sentence, he opened his hand, the pistol fell upon the ground, and he turned his eyes with an imploring look upon his captor. Nor was it unheeded, for the young man unloosed his hold from the robber's throat, and drawing from his pocket a handkerchist, he firmly bound the hands of his captive; and then taking the loaded pistol from the ground, he placed it within his own

The robber, as his captor stepped from him, sunk upon the turf, and to the astonishment of the young man, buried his face in his bound hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Alas! poor Marian," he sobbed, "you will now starve, and I, oh heavens! will not be near you!"

near you!"
"Starve — Marian!" repeated the
man, whose astonishment was great;" that's good, I have a sister by that name, and she of whom you speak shall not starve. Tell me, my good man, why did you attempt to rob You seem not like a common villain.

me? You seem not like a common villain."

"Neither am I." said the robber, lifting his head at the words of the young man.

"Then why, I again ask, did you attempt my robbery?"

"I will tell you, as you desire it, and God knows it is all truth. Two years ago I was a clerk in the employ of a wealthy, influential firm in Loudou. At the mansion of the junior partner, I one evening made the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady, daughter of a rich merchant. Our intimacy ripened into love, and we became pledged to one another. Thus our affairs stood, when the father of my Marian became acquainted with the fact, and forbid me his house. I was but an humble clerk, he said, and not a match for her whose affeche said, and not a match for her whose affec-tions I had gained. But the sternness of the father altered not the feelings of the daughter, for in a few weeks we effected an elopement, and then Marian became my wife.

"Her father from that moment would never see her face; and he declared that not a pound of his wealth should ever be bestowed upon his ungrateful girl. By his machinations, also, I lost my situation, and, six months hence, left the employ of my hitherto kind benefactor.— Oh, God! the agony of mind I have since endured, would have maddened my brain, had not my gentle Marian been uppermost in my thoughts. For many weeks I have sought employment, but could not gain it. Since yes-terday, myself and wife have tasted no food and to-day—Heaven fergive me the act started from the city determined to rob. You can see how I have succeeded; and yet thank God you overpowered me. Had it not been for my wife, I would never have attempted this, but I could not see her starve—I could not!" and as he concluded, he again sobbed like a child.

"Nor shall she!" cried the young man. "I

know not but you are playing me false, but I can scarcely believe it. Forgive me, however, if I take proper precantion against treach-As he spoke, he again mounted his horse,

and bidding his prisoner to go on before, they started on their way to London. "Lead me to your own dwelling," he con

continued, as they departed from the spot, "and if I find you have told me the truth, you shall not suffer."
"Thank you! thank you!" was all the over-powered man could reply, and they proceeded

on in silence.

The bells of the city were striking the hour The bells of the city were striking the hour of ten when two men arrived at the outskirts of London. Dismounting from his wearied horse, which he left in the hands of the host-ler of an humble inn, the young man followed the footsteps of the robber, keeping a contious eye upon him, lest he should attempt to escape by darting down one of the many filthy lanes in the vicinity. But such a thought never mitered the breast of the prisoner, for he led his captor on through several streets, till stopping before a miserable tenement, whose ancient walls seemed as if about to fall to the ground, he termed and said:

"This is the place where for three weeks, myself and wife have been obliged to remain, deprived of every comfort, and even the necessaries of life. But do not let me go into the presence of Marian with my hands thus bound for heaven's sakel kindsir, unbind them, for should she see them thus, she would know that I was a criminal!"

should she see them thus, she would know that I was a criminal!"

A tear stood in the young man's even as h-proceeded to do as requested, for he felt that such words could never come from a guilty an deprayed being. Pushing aside the ricketty door as soon as his bands were free, the poor man entered the wretched abode, followed by the stranger. Passing through a sort of a half

NUMBER 28.

they came to another door which was opened, they stood in a small, low room which was lighted but dively by a flickering rushlight. A woman, who at their entrance, was sitting with her face buried in her hands, started up, and sprang to the embrace of her husband. She noticed not the stranger: but, as she welcomed her husband she asked in a tree pulsars water.

tremelous voice—
"And have you succeeded, dear Alwin, in finding employment?"
"I have not Marian," was the reply; "but I have brought a friend with me who promises relief."

The woman started at these words, and turn-The woman started at these words, and turn-ed to thank their miknown deliverer. But scarcely had the young man's eyes fallen upon her face, than he sprang forward exclaiming— "Gracious heavens, do my eyes deceive mei-Tell me, was not your name before your mar-

ed woman.
"I know it, I could not mistake those features—you are my sister!" and the young man
pressed her to his heart.
"No! it cannot be!" exclaimed she, starting
back. "I never had but one brother—he sleeps

in an ocean grave?"

"Ah, you are mistaken there; the vessel in which I sailed for the Indies was indeed wreeked, and all but myself perished. For two years I have wandered in a foreign land, and have but just arrived upon my native shores. I am your brother, William Hans-leat!"

Then it must be so-it is, indeed, for I can

"Then it must be so—it is, indeed, for I can now recognize your countenance, although you are much altered:" and, with a glad cry, she flew to his arms.

It was a happy meeting for all that night, and it may well be believed that the husbaud was astonished at the scene. That very night they removed to comfortable quarters—and the next day, at the interference of the long lost son, was restored to the favour of the wealthy parents. Marian never learned the frue story of her husband a meeting with her brother, nor was the incident ever recalled to the memory of the truly repentant husband. the truly repeatant husband.

Louis Napoleon .- The following paragraph we extract from the last letter to the St. Louis Republican from its regular Parisian correspon-

deut:

With regard to the butcheries of December,

let an ary that I am informed by a physician
in one of the hospitals here, a man of high
reputation for skill and probity, that he had
analysed some of the wine distributed by the
President among the soldiers previous to the
comp dectas, and had detected therein the presence of intoxicating drugs, and especially of Stramonium, in such quantities as must have killed the mean had they been allowed to drink their fill, which, the wine being of the ch kind they were quite disposed to do. This gentleman further states that many actually died of the cerebral irritation created by these intoxicating drugs, and that he had, that very day, seen in his medical capacity, fourteen army patients who were still insane from this cause, and that he was convinced great num-bers would remain permanently insane for the rest of their days.

Lord Wharncliffe, of England, was invited by the Boston authorities to participate with them on Monday last, in celebrating our na-tional anniversary. He replied by letter, thanking them for the compliment, and added: "Lord Wharncliffe can fully appreciate the demonstration of the citizens of Boston in the celebration of a proportion to average of their

celebration of so important an event of their national history. But the object of that celebration is essentially American, and one in commemoration of which, it appears to him that he could not becomingly pretend to take a part, and he therefore hopes the Committee will con-sider it as no evidence of disrespect toward them if he expresses his regret that he cannot avail himself of the invitation with which they have honored him."

"Ma." said a little girl the other day, who has scarcely entered her teens, "Ma. maint' I get married?" "Why, child!" said the anxious mother, "what upon earth put that notion into your head?" "Cause all the other girls are getting married as fast as they can, and I want to too." "Well, you must not think of want to too." "Well, you must not think of such a thing—don't you never ask me such a foolish question again. Married! indeed! I never heard the like!" "Well, ma, if I can't have a husband, maint I have a piece of bread and butter?"

13" Bayard Taylor says that "ninety-six By Bayard Taylor says that "ninety-six vessels and cleven steamhoats have passed up the Nile during the season of which the greater part were American. 'Mashallah! vour countrymen must be very rich,' said the Governor.' Perhaps,' I replied, but gave the Arabic word the Bowery significance of 'you'd better believe it,' The Araba have barely succeeded in learning that a 'Mellikannee' (as they term it) is not an 'Inglees; but from the lowest Fellsh up to the Abbas Pasha, they have not the remotest idea of our character as a nation.''

New Churches in New York .- The German Reformed congregation, corner of 29th street and 5th avenue. N. Y., are building a church to cost \$100,000, and another on 7th avenue, to cost \$16,000. There are also two other magnificent churches—Trinity Chapel and the Rev. Dr. Armstrong s—going up in that city.

Mrs. Lucinda Hall. wife of Robert Hall, formerly of Concord, N. H., but now of Worcester, Mass., who received the title of M. D. at the late anniversary of the Worcester Medical Institute, is the first female who has received a medical degree in New England.

Big Lump of Gold.—The New York Jour-nal of Commerce states that the American Exchange Bank received per stoamer Illinois, in addition to about \$600,000 in gold dust and bars, a single lump of pure native gold, weigh-ing about sixty ounces, and valued at \$1,000.

The expenses of the late German Festival in New York, amounted to \$8,750. The receipts were as follows: From the Triple Hall Concert, \$480. From the Second concert there, \$776, alies of taskets for the Elm Park Pic-nic, \$1,480—total, \$2,915. This leaves a deficiency of \$5,835 to be made up by the several German eties of the city

Joseph Bulch an ald soldier of the revalu-tion, fiving at Johnstown, N. Y., went all the way to Boston, on Friday, to see Mr. W., byter for the first time. He was introduced to Mr. W., by Mr. Lord, and had an interesting inter-